

WIFE

3 sheets to wind
feel urge to divulge
a few personal truths
for relief mostly
& any small glory
I can milk
out of it.
Nickle & dime
stuff she says
after listening
thoughtfully.

MONDAY

Language deceives me
leads me into
cul-de-sacs.

Trying to reach
my son head
off an impending

crisis I lecture
incessantly on values
right living, etc.

His dead-pan expression
punctuates my
ineptness.

In desperation I
blurt out my
love for him

& he softens
a little.